



Kurt Lanzen Johnson

Kurt Lanzen Johnson

LIFE STORY OF KURT LANZEN JOHNSON	3
EARLY LIFE	5
GROWING UP	6
MY FATHER	7
MY MOTHER	8
GRANDPARENTS	9
MILITARY, MISSION, COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE	10
CHURCH CALLINGS.....	13
POLITICS.....	13
OPERATIONS AND ILLNESS.....	14
MAKING A LIVING	14

LIFE STORY OF KURT LANZEN JOHNSON

I was born the third child of Gustaf Henry **and** Esther Maria Lanzen on Sept 5, 1915. We lived in a small three-room house on First Street, in Idaho Falls, Idaho.

Dr. Soduequist was the Dr. that delivered me.

When I was one year old we moved to a farm west of Idaho Falls now called West Broadway.

Dad or Papa as we always called him as we grew up had worked as a bookkeeper since about 1910. He now started to farm on a farm that Uncle Albert had run for a few years with the backing of Grandpa Johnson.

My mother came to the United States from Sweden to marry Papa where he had met her while on his mission during 1905-1908.

To write all these things brings so many precious memories, things both dim and clear. The first conscientious thought that a child gets is in such a small limited way. Each person even in the same family lives a completely different life than any other individual. No two go the same paths.

Naturally the family members are first in my memory, and the shelter the home we remembered, whether humble or more substantial. I am sure that whatever home a child first experiences, to him it is the best and normal.

Our home was 1½ miles west of Idaho Falls on a dirt road. Buggies and wagons stirred up the dust as they made their way to and from town. The better off people had finer buggies with fringe and tassels on the covering over it with fine matched teams. The less pretentious ones or beginners settled for a single nag and a cobbled up outfit, or a work team on a buggy. One of my earliest experiences with a buggy was when I was two or three years old. My mother and Sigrid and I were going to town. Mother had to go back in the house for something. I had learned to click my tongue at the horse so I did and the horse started up and turned down the lane and towards town. When my mother saw what had happened she took a short cut through the orchard going as fast as she could and stopped the horse; I always loved horses. This ones name was Old Dolly.

I was the oldest son of Henry who was the oldest son of Gustaf who was the thirteenth child of Johannes Swenson. My Grandfather & my Grandmother Annie Sofia Christensen met in Halmstad Sweden. Annie's father built a large room in his home especially for the church to hold meetings in. Grandpa Lanzen left Stockholm and came to America after his wife and son passed away to be with Esther his only daughter.

When my father started farming he made an agreement with the man who sold him the farm, to give him 1800 sacks of #1 potatoes for 18 years. That was a bad arrangement because the prices were good for many of the years due to wars or shortages and he could have paid off the farm long before the 18 years. The depression came and he was forced to give up the place

and through a trade we moved to the family home just off east river road that is now Max and Marie's home.

When we lived on the New Sweden farm I remember that we had to haul a lot of water from the ditch for washing, so Pop rigged up a high wheeled cart with hooks on the axle that would hold two 10 gallon buckets of water for washday and other purposes.

Estrid, the oldest member of the family would fuss about rolling her stockings just right before Mom could get her off for school. She was resourceful and helpful about the house and popular with her friends.

Sigrid was my baby tender. She would lead me to the neighbors and one day I fell in Mrs. Sligh-ton's scrub water [they lived at Reeds corner] and Mrs. Sligh-ton had to put a diaper on me to go home. I was mortified because I was five years old.

Sigrid was always doll like, lovable and outgoing. She did impulsive things like running down to the canal for a bath when the ice was forming on the edge. She was a compulsive housecleaner and everyone had to clear out, then look forever after for things she had put away. I came next, and then my sister Ingrid. It was about then that I noticed the women who would come in and take care of my mother and the new baby for a few days.

To describe myself, my hair was very blonde until after I was married, then it gradually turned a darker blonde. My eyes are blue. My daughter Jean has the color of my eyes. Jerry more my height only taller and is darker like his grandfathers. Clint, Celia, Siri, Sonya, Glen and David have more my coloring than they do their mothers. We were always so interested to see which characteristics our children would resemble us for.

Ingrid was the accident prone one. She broke three ribs when she fell off a load of potatoes and the wagon almost rolled on top of her. She got lice from the kids of the hired help and many other problems. Early in life she started to sing.

Max came next and was called Tuffie by the family. He was in athletics and about drove Sherwood crazy wanting to box with him. He was also interested in FFA to learn more of farming and this, next to the church and family, has been his lasting love. He developed what was then called St. Vitus Dance, which we know now as Rheumatic fever. He suffered from nervous twitching for weeks, and his heart was so badly damaged that he could never go on a mission or in the service, so he gave his life to his family and the farm. It is sad that we did not have the tests and the medicine that we have today so he wouldn't have had his heart damaged.

Margit came next. She was born with clubfeet. When she was only two years old, she was taken by a relative, Hazel Krave to St. Louis where she had successful corrective surgery. Mom couldn't go with her so she stayed with relatives of Hazel's and other friends until she could come home. Uncle Clarence brought her home when he was returning from a short-term mission. She hardly recognized anyone at home but resumed her normal life and has enjoyed good health

since.

Sherwood came next. He was the livewire of the neighborhood. Whatever went wrong, he was blamed, guilty or not. It took kind loving understanding to keep him from being a wayward boy. He was enjoyed by all for his good personality and willingness to help people, but as he said Max was a pest (as most brothers are) and he felt picked on.

Grant was the last one of eight. He was quiet, and lovable.

His nose was distinctive, so Pop always called him his little Jew. I remember going by the school one day, and there sat my little brother away from the rest of the crowd on a curb reading a book. He looked a little lonely, but he has always enjoyed reading.

As I tell this story one memory brings another so I reflect both ways. I was seventeen when we moved to the home just off east river road. Most of my life was spent in New Sweden.

EARLY LIFE

My older sisters Estrid and Sigrid were going to Central school when I started. They went there for three days. Then they were transferred to Eagle Rock so I just picked up my books and went there too. No one ever said anything. Eagle Rock is now torn down but was near the Challenge Creamery and the cold storage plant. At recess and noon we would go down and play by the Snake River. We would look through piles of junk people had thrown there or get willows for Indian fights. We would line up with willow spears. To my knowledge no one was ever drowned at recess that I know of.

I remember when Sherwood started school. My mother had him ready but he didn't want to go and started to cry. When he was questioned he puckered up and said "I cant go to school because I can't read or write or anything".

My first grade teacher was Ethel Boyes, and as this is written in 1982 she is still living.

In those days we had to walk to school, but later on, a bus was purchased. It was an old black Dodge with a door by each seat clear down the side. It held over 30-40 kids and Fred Keller [the town taxi driver] drove it. Before the bus days, I would sometimes ride on the back of a horse ridden by a neighbor Charley Reed (they now have Reeds Dairy) or I would walk. Lonnie Toone was a substitute bus driver.

Richard Strahle became one of my good friends during my early years. He liked to come out from town and enjoy the things on the farm, especially the horses. Sometimes I went to his place in town and got to know his family.

My early friends usually spent Sunday with me. My mother never knew how many to expect for dinner when we came home from church. Ronald Snarr and others and I would on some Sundays put up hay with a miniature derrick that. Max & I had built patterned after the big

ones.

Another friend that I had met when I was coming out of conference meeting had been admiring my horse. He asked if he could trade me the horse for his bicycle for a ride.

I was in A SCOUT TROOP WITH Marvin Cook. Joe Clayton and David Miller. These are most of my friends in my younger days and most are still living and it is enjoyable to see them.

GROWING UP

Most of mi injuries came from riding horses. I went through a gate and took a little piece of my leg off on the catch. I didn't think I was hurt until I got off the horse and my shoe was squishy with blood. One of my favorite horses was Molly, a small mare. I had another one named Toots that I got from the Fox Farm as a colt. I broke her to ride. When she was two years old she got tangled in some wire and had to be destroyed, and I was sad.

I was visiting Maces [neighbors who lived where Richards and Pruitts live now]. My horse was blind in one eye and she was startled and again I cut my leg in some barbed wire. Another close call came when I was little and I fell in a barrel of water near the house. Uncle Otto came by and saw my feet sticking out and I was rescued.

As my school years went by, I had other good teachers: Zenna Wilson 8th grade and Mae Neuber 7th and 9th. I went to Central Jr. High. Off and on I had to stay out of school and help in the busy seasons on the farm so it was hard to keep up. I put in enough time to have graduated from high school, but I never did.

One day I got sick at school when Ethel Boyes was my teacher. I tried to walk home, but I was too sick so I went into a store and asked if I could lie down on their floor for a while. At that time there were several cases of meningitis around so the clerk called my mother. By the way, I still remember our old phone numbers 914 R3 and o126 R3. We always gave the number to the operator and she rang it for us. Anyway this particular day after the clerk called my mother, she called Dr. Mellor who gave her instructions to have me come to his office and have a spinal tap. The clerk gave me the message and I left, not for the Doctors office, but for home as fast as I could go and I felt better when I got there. That I thought was a narrow escape from something horrible.

I remember what is now West Broadway when it was paved. We would go out and get tar from the machines and chew it.

During these years we milked cows. Papa and my Uncles Oscar and Clarence with Carl went into a partnership on the Sunnyside Dairy. Uncle Carl originated the dairy idea. We would take \$1.00 for a can of milk and donate the balance to help to keep the business going. We had a lot of ice cream in those days, and I still enjoy it.

We had our first Model T then, and I could just barely see over the steering wheel. Once when I was delivering the mail, Frank Norton who was a young policeman at the time stopped me near the river bridge. He asked who my Dad was. I told him, and he said I was doing fine,

but he wondered if anyone was driving it.

Uncle Carl sold the dairy in 1929. The creamery continued on into the 1930's. A relative Swalley Wohlschlagel took it over and called it the Yellowstone Dairy.

After Uncle Vernon married, he operated a creamery and chicken business on B. Street. I remember him out chasing the chickens that got away before they were butchered. When he closed the creamery he went in to the Real Estate Business.

When we got the model T, we paid \$280.00 for it. Before that we had the small buggy. When the family got bigger, we had a white top buggy pulled by a team of our smaller horses or some of our more spirited workhorses.

Some of my other schoolteachers were Miss Chagnon, second grade, Miss Dawson 5th and 4th. Miss Randall 3rd. Miss Wilson was 8th, Miss Wilder and Reid 9th. Some more of my school friends were Jess Terry and Howard Glansman.

Because we lived in the country I didn't get to go to Primary but I went to a religion class a couple of times.

My Scoutmasters were Bill Brunt and Parley Field. I made it to 2nd class. I mostly remember playing games like steal the flag and climbing around in the Ammon hills.

I was not very tall but at age 17 I had a growth period and grew to my present height 5 ft 9 inches.

I had to start work very early to help my father. At age 8 or 9 I was put on a land leveler. I would drive four horses, and after school, when the kids were coming home, I would hurry to the ends so they could see how big I was doing a mans work.

One time I could have lost my legs when a board I stood-on to harrow slipped. Later I mowed hay and cultivated potatoes. Sometimes I didn't do it right and dug up some of the seed. We had Parks for neighbors in the next field, and sometimes on hot days we would tie up the horses and Clyde, Stan and I would go swimming, sometimes too long. One time, Parks team ran away right through the canal with the cultivator on.

I remember the first big money I made. I cultivated potatoes for Ray Collins for four days and got \$4.00. I just looked and looked at it, and thought a long time about how the wisest way to spend it, would be.

In high school our FFA Teacher was Alfred Bateman. He took us to Palisades where we hiked. We often had field trips on a wagon pulled by his car. I would often use our Model T to haul extra's because I used it to haul the milk to Sunnyside Dairy on my way to school.

MY FATHER

I admired my Father so much. He was a Bishop, an impressive teacher and was constantly doing missionary work. He was never afraid to approach anyone about the Gospel in his friendly,

philosophical way. He never judged people but loved one and all in his unpretentious way—rich and poor alike. He took time to visit with those who wanted to talk to him.

My father was about 5 ft 9 in. and weighed about 180 pounds. He had very dark blue eyes. His hair and brows were very dark, and he sometimes commented that he must have had a Roman ancestor somewhere. He was handsome, proper, and dignified, yet he saw a great deal of humor in most everything.

I have one special memory of my father. One day, Papa took me, just the two of us, in his buggy, and we rode all around, and he showed me places where people lived and places where we had bought our horses as we needed them.

Before my father was married, he went to business school in Salt Lake City. While there, he sang in the Tabernacle Choir under Evan Stephens.

During his early-married years he worked for an Implement company called C.W.&M Which stood for Consolidated Wagon and Machine Co.

The house we had on First Street, my first home, cost \$500.00 to build.

Papa enjoyed gardening. He used to grow different things such as Black Cap Raspberries, Dewberries, several varieties of gooseberries, cherry trees, apples and plum trees in our Orchard. That farm and orchard in New Sweden is now fast disappearing into a housing development.

He also worked briefly helping Paul Blaylock on a potato sorting crew. While doing this he got a strangulated hernia at the hospital. His life was in danger. It was then that the Doctor told him that he had seen time after time where those who lived the word of wisdom came through the critical times.

He often studied people's features to analyze their personalities and characteristics. Lucille was startled when he told her she had an aggressive nose. She didn't know whether to be complimented or offended because she didn't know him very well then. He was a good singer and often sang at funerals and other places with his brothers.

MY MOTHER

I loved my mother as much as my father. She was so unselfish and thoughtful of others. In Sweden, she was very busy in the church and community activities, but when she came to America she was very conscious of her accent and stayed in the background. She stayed home much of the time and wholeheartedly supported my father in all he did. She must have been lonely at times.

She was 5 ft 5 in. with greenish blue eyes. She had light brown hair and such a sweet face. I can remember her holding me on her lap and teaching me to write my name.

She worked so hard for so many of us even though she had been frail while growing up. She sewed well and was known everywhere for her delicious cooking. She could make

something out of nothing. She cared for many families who had to move in with us for months at a time. She cared for her father from 1917 to 1933—even when he became bedfast during his last years. (She scrubbed sheets, linens and clothes on a scrub board when her washer didn't work or she didn't have one, then she would boil all the white clothes in a boiler to keep them white.

The depression years were hard, but my mother was creative. She would toast dry bread and roll it for cereal, for her family, and we would eat it with cream and sugar for breakfast. One time I embarrassed her. She had taken me to town with her, and the clerk asked me what I had had for breakfast.

I proudly said "Bread Crumbs," and my mother went into a flurry of explanations. In the summer, we would have Fil mjolk or clabber milk with sugar and cinnamon on it.

Some of the hired men she had to cook for were Henry Krave who lived with us and went to school, Emil Gustafson, and Alabama Jake. I especially liked Emil and would go around calling Emo. She said I used to cry and hold on to her skirts when she was cooking for the men. She didn't have time to hold me as much as I wanted her to.

GRANDPARENTS

We loved Grandpa Lanzen too. He helped so much by repairing and building things around the farm. There was always a language barrier, but when he would say to Max and I saga ved, we knew it was time to get the bucksaw out and saw wood.

Grandpa was a skilled craftsman in cement work. He did the design over the Mission home at Svartensgaten 3 and many of the family missionaries saw it.

He was scholarly and disciplined. He came to us from Sweden in 1917. He loved the Sabbath day. He spent Saturday in preparation, brushing his black suit and shining his shoes. I would cut his hair for him.

He built a crib for the babies, sleds and toys for us and also cement urns for flowers.

In the Johnson Grandparents stories it has been written that they were short. Grandma was a fiery 5 ft and Grandpa 5 ft 4 in. with an easy disposition and firm in his discipline and his goals. He had a quiet nature. He helped many people—relatives who didn't have homes, paid burial expenses for those who could not, relatives or friends. He sent missionaries on missions who didn't have money. I was surprised when I was in Sweden to have a missionary tell me that Grandpa Johnson was keeping him. When he knew of someone that could not pay a hospital bill he helped them. No one knew how many people he helped in such a quiet way. All this came from being a shoemaker and for having a good head for business.

As far as I know, he didn't help his sons much because he wanted them to grow strong through their struggles as he had in this land of opportunity.

Some of my other memories when I was young were when President Harding came to

Idaho Falls in the summer of 1924. The itinerary included the President having a hand in irrigating Idaho Potatoes. He did that at our neighbors farm [August Johnson's] The family and many people gathered at our orchard next to the road for a clear view of President Harding as he rode by in an open touring car.

Another memory is of my father pushing me in the ditch to make me learn to swim.

I also remember my excitement when the Shiveleys would invite me to go fishing with them. We would use long Bamboo poles.

I also remember going to the Logan Temple to do Baptisms and Marvin Cook and I and other boys rode in the luggage rack on top of the bus. Nothing like that would be allowed now.

Though we didn't go long distances, the times we did are always in memory. For example, I remember the trips out to the Lavas where we would climb around jumping the deep crevices or climbing down in them to get ferns. Once in awhile, we would see a rattlesnake.

Another time with Oscar and Clarence's families we went in to the hills east of Idaho Falls for an outing where we picked choke cherries and Serviceberries along with the climbing around.

MILITARY, MISSION, COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE

When I was 21 I was called to go to Sweden on a mission. I was in the mission home for 3 weeks.

One night I woke up and saw a light and was half asleep and I thought it was a streetcar bearing down on us, so I grabbed the companion that was sleeping with me and yelled "LOOK OUT!" Poor Elder Lundgren trembled the rest of the night while I went right back to sleep.

I reached Sweden in the spring of 1936. It was a happy experience meeting relatives. The language came to me fast because of my mother and Grandparents speaking it. My companion and I made an agreement that if one of us spoke English we would have to pay the other 1 ore.

Some of my relatives joined the church, but there were so many that did not. Some of the places I labored were in Stockholm, Jonkoping, Halmstad, Eskilstuna and Malma.

At the conclusion of my mission I toured Denmark, Germany, Switzerland, Italy and France. We sailed home from Le Havre.

On our way to Sweden we had stayed in London at the Imperial Hotel. We thought it very old fashioned! Came home in July 1939.

It took us four days by train to cross the United States by train and a week to cross the ocean.

In 1936 the war with Francisco Franco was on. It was a Civil war and lasted most of my mission. I can remember Italian soldiers coming home and kissing each other and their parents.

When I came home I traveled with Forrest Thompson and Oscar Anderson. In Germany while traveling home, the country was teeming with military activity. We saw the swastika everywhere and heard much about Hitler. Some German girls that we talked to were so surprised

that we were not subject to the draft. Germany was going in to Poland to conquer them soon. We heard of Mussolini from Italy who later hung naked and upside down in an Italian public square, along with his mistress.

Because of the trouble in Europe the United States started a drawing for the purpose of drafting soldiers in case they were needed. I had been home one year. The ages were 18-25 and the numbers were put into a fishbowl by districts or regions. My number was 39679214. I was inducted in to the army and left October 7 1941. When I got on the train I saw tears in my fathers eyes. I seemed to go numb on these departures and couldn't seem to feel the pain of partings, until long after they were over. I told Lucille seven times goodbye for overseas, but I never had to go over.

My dating and courtship days started when Richard Strahle took two girls to a show and had me sit with one.

I looked around and saw my father in the audience, and when he left I went with him. Some of the girls I dated later were Winifred and Sybil Wilkinson, Beth Nelson, and Roberta Newby, but was probably the most serious with Berneice Coles who

I met after my mission. I liked her but 'couldn't get as serious as she wanted me to. Most of my dates were to dances at one of the Churches or at the popular Wandamere south of town.

Sometimes we would go to Riverside on the other side of Rigby to dance. One night when it was below zero Ronald Snarr and I needed transportation so we stood on the bumper of someone's car for a short distance and I froze my ears. They became puff and black. After my mission I had the opportunity to serve on the M.I.A. Stake Board with Jo Madsen, Bill Brunt, Sister Hill, and Ronald Snarr.

At Sacrament meeting at the fourth ward I was introduced to a dark haired nurse from Rexburg Idaho. I was busy so I didn't have time to think much about the introduction. In November of 1940 I had a blind date to a nurses dance that my cousin Ruth Johnson had arranged with her roommate. Ronald reassured me that he thought he had met her and she was a neat girl. When I met her it wasn't so. All I can remember about her is that she had adenoids.

We traded dances with Lucille and her date Wayne Millar. As soon as we started to dance we started to talk, and I thought, "She is so easy to talk to!" and I was impressed with her wholesomeness and prettiness. I found myself telling her about my operation in Sweden, how when they offered the beck to us I thought it was something to drink but it turned out to be a bedpan. We had a good laugh, and I didn't want the dance to end. This is the event that put us together. I wanted to know more of her but logic reminded me that she had two more years of training, and I wanted to get married before then, so I would stay away and not disrupt her training.

About a month later I had to get a date for a Green and Gold Ball that was to be held during the Christmas Holidays. One day I spotted Lucille walking on a downtown street, and I

knew whom I wanted for my date. I hurried and parked the painting Van I was in and caught up with her and asked if she would go with me. She seemed surprised and couldn't answer without looking at her hours at the hospital. I was to call her and find out. A few days before Christmas I went to call and realized I didn't remember her name. I asked different ones if they could help me remember the nurse I had enjoyed dancing with at the nurses dance, and my sisters were home for Christmas and they tried to help to no avail.

Two nights before the dance in desperation I went to sit in the Hospital Lobby where the nurses came and went on their way to the third floor where they lived. I waited and waited and finally I saw two nurses coming through the door and one of them was the one I was waiting for.

I was so glad to find her out of the 60 nurses that lived there. I asked her if she could go and she said she could but would not be able to stay until the end, and then she started to leave. I didn't know her name yet so I asked, "Whom shall I send the corsage to?" She said the front office would be fine and they would get it to her. I finally had to come right out and say I didn't know her name, and then she caught on to what had happened.

The dance was fun and I had to take her back to the hospital before midnight so she wouldn't get locked out.

I thought again how much I enjoyed being with her, but again logic took over, and I felt she had too much training left so I would not date her again.

A month passed without seeing her. One night my roommate and I went to a movie and he got a bad pain in his side. I took him home to our Apartment and Aunt Rhoda knew it was appendicitis so we three left for the hospital at about 1 a.m. We rang the buzzer to the Emergency Entrance. I was pushing Lee in a wheelchair and was thinking it would be nice if Lucille answered our ring, and as I watched there she came around the corner to open the door. Fate kept bringing us together in spite of all my logic.

She wasn't busy during the operation, so her Charge Nurse gave her permission to go for a walk. She took me up on the roof of the hospital to see the city by night, and as we talked she tried to line me up with another nurse and said we would make a good-looking couple. I told her I didn't want to go with anyone else—I wanted to go with her.

From that time on we were together whenever we had any spare time.

I knew I would be drafted so I didn't want to get too serious. Just before I was to leave for the Service my Father had a conversation with me and told me I should see how Lucille felt and it would not be wrong to ask her to wait for me if she was willing.

I knew his advice was wise so I resolved to ask her the next night. She made it so hard to get close to the subject that everything we talked about seemed too ridiculous to just propose marriage. As always, we were on limited time so I just blurted it out, and she was shocked. However, she said, "Yes," and I breathed a big sigh of relief. I will let Lucille tell you the rest of the story about our engagement, marriage and having a family and our life together.

A computer and electronic world is said to be here.

When we first started farming we raised Sugar Beets but had to plough them up after they froze. We tried Peas and loose hay then baled hay. We also had grain and even owned a small thresher to harvest it for a while. The first potatoes we raised were picked up by hand, and then eventually we got a combine.

Today we raise only grain and potatoes. I officially retired when I turned 65, but have been about as busy helping David since he has to finish his schooling. He graduated from BYU this spring of 1982 with a degree in Agriculture Economics. While we were building a house for him at the site of the old house, he was accepted to law School in Moscow Idaho. Jerry and his family came over from Nampa and built the house for Dave and Audrey but it is now rented until they finish school. It seems fitting that Jerry should be the one to build over the old house where we all spent so many happy years.

We moved to our new home with a beautiful view of the river in 1970. The Teton flood in 1976 had damaged the old one so badly that we tore it down.

Now back to the farm. We had many animals. Chickens, pigs a few turkeys. We milked cows for many years. Until dogs became so destructive, we had sheep. Max did too, but he finally stopped for the same reason.

CHURCH CALLINGS

When I first came home from the service I worked with

Murray Rawson in the Senior Aaronic program to activate inactive members and to get them interested in going to the Temple. I was a Seventies President for eight years. I worked with A.C Hansen, Marvin Wyatt, Keith Tibbets, and LeRoy White, Oral Bodily and Hiram Rees.

I have taught a Sunday School class and Genealogy class. I was second and first counselor to Bishop McCracken while we were still members of the 13th ward. I have always been a Home Teacher and was once a Scoutmaster. At present, Lucille and I are Church News and Ensign and Era representatives. Also we coordinate church Educational programs.

POLITICS

In 1966 I was asked to get someone to run for the Senate or for State Representative from District #29 which had just been created by reapportionment. I was a Precinct committeeman and that is why they asked me to help find someone. I asked many people to run for the offices but to my surprise no one wanted to. The local county Republican chairman Dick Smith said he thought I could do it and win. With much hesitation I entered the political world. At present I am starting my 17th year. It has sometimes **been** difficult and trying, but most of the time has been very rewarding to me and to my family.

Terry Crapo and I won for the House of Representatives and Marsden Williams for the Senate. Terry and my opponents that first time were Ray Rhoades and Sylvan VanOrden, good friends and fine men. Ray told me later that he voted for me. Orval Hansen was elected from District #30 and he advised me to run and helped me also.

OPERATIONS AND ILLNESS

As I mentioned earlier most of my casualties were with horses. Dr. Soderquist who brought me in to the world was the one who gave me my physical for the Army.

I had a Hernia that troubled me and kept me from sports when I was young. I was too embarrassed to tell my father but I did have it operated on before I left for my mission.

While I was in Sweden I had to have my appendix removed. This cost me \$2.50. They even apologized for charging me that. Most people there got it free because they had socialized medicine.

While I was in the Army I had some bouts with food poisoning and Strep throats. Soon after I started farming I was working on a cellar and stepped on a rusty nail and had to be hospitalized during potato harvest with blood poisoning in my foot.

I have usually always enjoyed good health. In 1976, I sprinted after a horse to chase it out of the yard and started an Atrial Fibrillation that had to be corrected in the Intensive care Unit at the hospital. Since that time if I overexert or work too fast I get a fast pulse.

MAKING A LIVING

Before my mission I earned money by working in potato warehouses. Paul Blaylock was a foreman so I often worked with him. I also worked at Kresses.

After my mission I went to work for Milo Hendricks [aunt Rhoda's husband] whom had a paper and painting business called interior decorating. He also gave me an apartment to live in the upstairs of his house. I was living there when I started going with Lucille.

I decided to use some of my military benefits when I got out of the army in 1945, so I went to the winter Semester at Ricks College and studied agriculture. We lived with Mona and Loy Jensen who lived in Lucille's parent's home who were living in Richland Washington where Dad did defense work.

My father had located a farm owned by Bob Clinton for me to rent, On April 16, 1946 we moved to the farm we now own.

I had spent four years and one month in the service. It was great to be my own boss. Even though the house had no electric or plumbing we were happy there. In 1952 we moved the buildings to the south end of the place to make it easier for the kids to go to school.

I worked with Max and when Sherwood came home from the Marines he took the Haroldsen farm and we all worked together until Sherwood decided not to farm any more and

moved to town.

Irrigating was hard work and the place was uneven and I became very thin. I weighed about 130 until my late forties when I started to gain some weight.

While my father lived he helped us all. It was sad when he passed away of cancer at the age of 64 in 1950. My mother passed away in 1968 from old age and Parkinson's disease.

Farming has had many ups and downs but has been good for life's experiences. We made the transition from horse to mechanized farming. Now in 1982 the larger farms predominate.

When we went to Boise the first of January, Lucille and the last five children went with us. Jerry was going to school in Provo. Jean and Morris were also living there. Clint was in Sweden on his mission.

Celia went to Boise High School, and Siri and Sonya to East Jr. High, and Glen and David to Garfield school.

We lived on Denver Street off Broadway and attended the 6th Ward. It was a winter we will long remember. However the complications of moving, changing schools and leaving the place unattended made us decide to have Lucille and the children stay home the ensuing years. Uncle Bob also needed someone to watch out for him. Also Grandma Johnson was failing in the Nursing home.

After the last children had left for missions and college, Lucille was free to come with me.

In 1970, we became Foster parents for the first time when

Ron Sitting Up came from South Dakota. Gary was never an official foster son, but he seemed so much like our own with his blonde coloring that it wasn't hard to pass him off as ours.

Donald House was officially a foster son and also Harold Sitting Up. Don Brought Steve to us.

We have loved them as our own and have tried to help them in every way we could with education and missions and in their preparation for life. All these boys we finished raising with David.

The years Lucille wasn't with me I lived with Clifford Scoresby in several places near the Capitol. When Wendell Miller was elected, he also lived with us in good Apartments Jerry would find. He was living in Boise then and working for the P.U.C.

Wendell was Cliff's nephew and even though we represented different political parties I only got in one heated argument with him even though we didn't agree on several issues and philosophy.

I will always remember Cliff saying in our first term,

"Well, we may not get elected again, but at least we can say we have served in the Legislature." However, he served for 10 more years, and I at present am in my 9th term.

Pete Cenarrusa was the speaker when I first went in. He was followed by William Lanting (3 terms), Allen Larsen [2 terms], and Ralph Olmstead [2 terms]. Tom Stivers has just been made speaker for the next two terms.

Don Samuelson, Cecil Andrus and John Evans have been the Governors.

The committees I've served on are: Health and Welfare Education, Agriculture Affairs, and resources and conservation. I gave up Health and Welfare when Russell Fogg, a Pharmacist from Idaho Falls, came to the Legislature. Last term I dropped Ag Affairs to better take care of my Education Committee chairmanship. I received this Chairmanship in 1973. Due to the number of people desiring to be on the committee the membership was increased from 13 to 15. My good friend and seatmate John Sessions has been my Vice chairman. He is also chairman of the Transportation committee. Lucille and I and John and Alice Sessions have kept a steady and nice relationship through the years. They are from Driggs.

Lucille can tell of her activities of bargain shopping, Legislady activities etc.

Jerry and Leora and Clint and Cliffie and their families have settled in the Nampa area. We have the winters to enjoy them.

We have other relatives we have visited over the years including Ambrose and Leta, Paul and Edna, Jim and Sonya Stephens at Middleton and Vonya Krave Higgins at Weiser. Ron and Marilyn Bjerkman live in Emmett so we have visited them.

Clint and Cliffie moved directly to Nampa from Hartford Conn. It is good Jerry got them closer to home again. This winter Glen has promised to visit us during the legislature and we are looking forward to that. Sonya and Bill have moved to Idaho Falls and after all these years we hope to have a Boise visit from them, as well as all the others.

The Legislative experience has led to many things and the meeting of many people. As chairman of the committee close friendships [I hope] have formed with College and University staffs and Presidents, State Boards and People from other States.

In 1973 I was appointed as a commissioner to the E.C.S (Education Commission of the States] This was instigated by the National Governors Conference in 1965 as an arm of that organization. There are seven commissioners from each State who belong to the E.C.S.

The state is involved with Wiche [Western Interstate commission of higher education] it is an exchange program between states. Also Washington, Alaska, Montana and Idaho have a medical school compact with the University of Washington called "Wami". All of these programs have along with] nar,c] National **Assn.** of retired persons and Nart meaning teachers. To such even though I couldn't attend all came invitations to Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, Monterey Calif., Phoenix Denver, Kansas City, Minneapolis, Chicago, Washington D.C. Atlanta Georgia and San Diego.

Sometimes Lucille could go and it would be extra nice to visit Clint's or Sonya's and families and Glen.

During the years Lucille was not with me in Boise it involved many trips home, usually every week. Cliff usually had his car, so two or three of us would ride with him and buy the gas.

Aden Hyde, Cliff and I would usually go somewhere to eat at night during the week. I so enjoyed the personality and wisdom and experience of Aden. He was one of the richest associations of the Legislature. At home it was always pleasant to drop into the office of the Eastern Idaho Farmer on No. Capitol Ave. and visit with him a few minutes. He was owner and Editor of the weekly paper, which was also unique and valued in the Eastern Idaho area.

The news media is such a part of the Legislative process it is impossible to think of the Legislature without them.

County Chairmen such as John Scoresby and Dennis Olsen [now State Chairman] have also been very effective in helping us in elections as well as personal family-to-family friendship and associations.

For more information on the Legislature it can be found in Personal Journals and Legislative books.